

JUNE 1959

Maryknoll



CHARLES THE HAMMER
SAVES EUROPE — p. 63



"WATCH DADDY!" says Bishop Sheen to Mark Kem as Mark's father gives flowers from Koreans to newly consecrated Bishop James Pardy.



The Saints March In

Scraping dust and soot from Indian devotions

BY ALBERT H. ESSELBORN, M.M.

■ ONE EVENING I was listening to the radio here in San Juan Ixcoy, Guatemala. I had happened to pick up a station from Texas and heard for the first time a song entitled, "When the Saints Go Marching In." The words impressed me at the time because the saints were marching into (or at least being carried into) the church here after being nicely washed. Some even had shiny noses.

There are about 32 statues of various saints in our local church. Some were brought over 150 years ago by the early Spanish missioners. A statue of the Child Jesus was carved out of mahogany, as we discovered after removing layers of dust, soot and four coats of paint. Many of the statues are crude carvings that remind me of pagan idols. These were made by the Indians themselves.

In our efforts to teach the Indians something of the life of Christ we use today slides and filmstrips; thus we



realize the practical value of Aquinas' teaching that all knowledge comes through the senses. To see and hear is better than just hearing alone. The early missionaries realized this, too, and so they employed statues of Christ, the Blessed Mother and the saints as visual aids of the 16th century in their teaching of the Faith to their Indian neophytes.

One of the beliefs that the early missionaries must have stressed was the communion of saints. For, despite the fact that the Indians have been without priests for more than one hundred and fifty years, they have kept this devotion alive. Understandably, corruptions have crept into this devotion in the long absence of priests. But there are remnants of its pristine truth, as can be seen from the following information gleaned from questioning sixteen Indian prayer leaders.

Many could not say who the saints are; a few believe they were sent by God to help us; some think saints are gods themselves. Does the statue of a saint have a soul? Many could not say; a few said yes. Do the saints have equal power with God? Many didn't know; a few said yes; others said no. Why do you pray to the saints? All prayer leaders answered, "Because they speak to God on our behalf." Why do you burn candles before the statues of the saints? Some said candles are gifts

for the saints. Some said candles are food for the saints.

Anyone familiar with the communion of saints can see the ignorance and error, but also the spark of the truth in Guatemalan devotion. We are trying to correct the errors.

Handling statues of saints is a delicate matter here.

For months I had urged the prayer leaders to wash the statues, not caring to anger them by doing it myself. A little dusting was as far as they'd go. Once I was absent for a few days. On returning I noticed two washed statues. I learned that the catechist, together with another old Indian who has worked around the rectory for many years, had undertaken the delicate task. Surprisingly, there were no complaints. Even the prayer leaders seemed pleased.

I took a chance and proceeded to wash all the statues with the help of a shaman or Indian diviner. The job was not finished before word was being circulated by a few that the rains were late in coming because we had washed the statues. However, the good Lord finally sent us plenty of rain.

Frankly, some of the statues look worse now. The layers of soot that covered them had hidden the handiwork of the termites.

Through the saints' intercession may all Indians of San Juan Ixcoy march into paradise! ■■

OUR ADDRESS? It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

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Bamboo Wireless



We cheer Cardinal CUSHING and the Boston Archdiocese for the sacrifices made in sending 15 priests to needy parishes in Latin America, first missionaries of the new Society of Saint James. (One of the priests was from the Diocese of Harrisburg.) The priests will study at the Maryknoll Language School in Cochabamba, Bolivia, before beginning work. May they be the first of a new long line of Americans who will help save Latin America for the Church!

* * *

An African gave Bishop EDWARD J. McGURKIN (of Hartford, Conn.) an unusual description of taxes. "It means," said the man, "that if I want to give my dog a nice piece of fresh meat, I just take a knife and chop off part of his tail."

* * *

A new shrine to Our Lady in Tanganyika is drawing big crowds of Africans. A number of cures have been reported . . . It has been reported from Hong Kong that Father MORGAN VITTINGL (Lake Placid, N.Y.) has been elected treasurer of the Hong Kong Press Club . . . Father JOSEPH McCORMACK (New York) is putting finishing touches on a book of his experiences under Chinese Reds. A powerful prison story is expected . . . The Maryknoll Missal now in new series of bindings designed by a foremost American liturgical artist.

* * *

Father ROBERT REMITZ (Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.) figured a way to reach the Quechua-speaking folk in his parish in Bolivia. He had an expert in the Quechua language record a series of doctrinal talks on tapes. He takes these tapes out into the villages and plays them to the Indians.

* * *

Visitors to Maryknoll headquarters are asking to see the new Hall of Memories, a room dedicated to deceased Maryknollers and those who have suffered persecution . . . Father LARRY CONNORS (Lindenhurst, N.Y.) made a dangerous expedition into territory held sacred by Formosan aborigines, where no other white man had gone. We hope to tell his story in a future issue . . . Bolivia's largest daily has called upon the youth of Bolivia to "dedicate themselves to the noble and holy career of the priesthood." An unusual vocational plug!



The Time of the Bells

Ninety-seven too many
little white caskets.

BY JOHN J. HIGGINS, M.M.

■ HERE in Saint James Parish of El Paso, in the Cochabamba valley of Bolivia, where Maryknoll Fathers work, customs of long standing are prescribed for funerals.

A good three blocks from the parish church, the priest waits for the dead person to be brought there. With him is the faithful sacristan, Patricio, holding the parish cross, black cope, pail of holy water and the ritual. At the arrival of the departed one, Patricio takes his place at the head of the procession carrying the parish cross. The relatives walk beside the casket, the priest directly behind it.

If the dead person has been an individual of means, a band follows the priest and busily plays stirring marches. If the village cantor can be found in time, he and the priest alternate singing verses of the *Miserere*.

As the procession wends its way to the church, the bells are tolled.

The funeral procession moves forward slowly because Indian pall-bearers generally have come from some distance, carrying the remains in a heavy casket made of laurel or willow wood. They chew coca leaves to help them endure the long trek with their heavy burden. Every now and then they stop and put down the casket, and recite prayers for the repose of the soul.

Wailing women in the funeral procession is a custom highly esteemed. It is seemingly more custom than bereavement since non-relatives join in. Sometimes old ladies with good lungs get paid for rendering this service to the deceased. The wailing is loud and sing-song and a great distraction.

In El Paso, funerals are generally at sunset. When the body arrives at the church the prayers are said according to the ritual. If the cantor is assisting, the appropriate nocturn of Matins is sung. Then the bells

begin to toll again. The procession starts for the cemetery. Custom has it that the friends of the deceased and the accompanying priest go only as far as a certain tree. Here the last blessing is given. The pall-bearers go on a half mile further to the cemetery to tend to the burial. Everyone else goes home.

I hear that some well-meaning pallbearers pour *chica*, the potent corn beer of these parts, into the grave to keep the dead one happy. Others have it that the beer is to keep Pachamama, the earth goddess, well-disposed toward the dead one. Perhaps it's merely custom. Folks have forgotten what funerals were like when Catholic life flourished here.

What we do now, and what the Indians expect of the priest, is a beautiful and Christian burial. The funeral Mass with the body present in the church is not said here because of a century old law against bringing the remains into church. This law is not now enforced in Cochabamba but the funeral Mass nine days after death is now deeply engrained.

There is another kind of funeral, more common and somewhat different than the one for adults which has been described. Of the one hundred and fifty-three deaths in the parish since July of 1956, ninety-seven were of children ten years old or younger. The majority of them — seventy-nine — were one year old or less!

The dead child is laid out in a small, white box lined with flowers, dressed in white. Children who have been confirmed have a white ribbon

tied around the head. The father or a near male relative carries the small, white casket to the church on his head. Another person brings along a small table. The women usually carry flowers. One of the women, sometimes the godmother, has an earthen jug to be filled at the church with holy water for the grave.

At the church the priest merely blesses the dead baby according to the ritual's instructions. He does not accompany it even part way to the cemetery. Children's funerals are all at sunset or at night. No sorrow is manifested, and the relatives go off into the darkness after thanking the priest and wishing him good night.

Since there is only one cemetery in the region, it is easy to keep the required, canonical, parish book of the dead and to know how many deaths there are. The large number of children who die is one of the great shocks to those who come here from the United States.

Our parish dispensary is the only medical facility in the Canton of El Paso; a doctor comes to it only once a week for two hours. Perhaps in time it will be possible to establish classes for the women of the area to teach them to care for newborn infants. A doctor in the parish seems a blessing. Our Lord is reserving for the distant future.

Death in El Paso among our Quechua Indians has been surrounded by a set number of rites. These greatly satisfy the Indians. In the case of elderly people, the rites are thought of as a fitting and much-desired termination to their days on this earth. ■ ■



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Few experiences in African village life match the thrill of a movie.

Big Eyes in the Dark

■ MANY a lost village in Africa has as yet no church or school, but almost certainly it has known the visit of the motion-picture machine. Through big eyes of wonder in the dark many an undreamed-of world enters into the lives of the African through the silver screen.

The films are often from America. Our Westerns are as popular in Africa as at home. "A big cheer goes up," a missioner friend explains, "when Gene Autry or Roy



Youngsters sit transfixed through three and four showings of a film.



Rogers make their first appearance for the evening. To the African, these are their heroes who see that justice is done."

The comics are also great favorites. "However," notes the mission-

er, "many things make the Africans laugh uproariously that are not meant for a laugh. Their hilarity is uncontrollable when whites eat at table or do other things differently from Africans."





Some things that whites do in the movies disenchant the African.

But the cinema can and must help build new lives in Africa and throughout the mission world. Luluafilm of the Immaculate Heart

Fathers has circulated over a hundred films in Central Africa made especially for the Africans. In them the Africans see themselves in their own villages doing the things they ought or ought not to do. ■ ■

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Mr. and Mrs. Takeda, flanked by author and curate, Father James P. Colligan.

Polyglot Parish Books

**Muroran mission sits
for an historical portrait.**

BY ALFRED E. SMITH, M.M.

■ THAT our Church is universal is a matter of doctrine, which all Catholics proclaim in their Apostles' Creed. Here in the little parish of Muroran in Hokkaido, Japan, that doctrine lives in all its glory.

Having taken over the parish a few months ago, I have begun to unearth baptismal books and old diaries that go back to the founding of the mission here. Linguistically

it was quite a chore. The first pastor was a Father Rousseau, who jotted down his observations in a language that called for a review of my college French. Father Rousseau laid the foundations of the parish in 1893. In 1908, the script changes to German, and memories of high-school drudgery came back as I worked out the meaning.

Thirty years later Japanese begins to appear in the ledgers. It yields to English in 1954, as Maryknollers take up the pen. Foreign missionaries from Paris, Franciscans from the Fulda Province in Germany, native-born Japanese, and finally America's contribution to the missions — all have passed on

the parish seal in unbroken succession. In Muroran the nations have been united in Christ, and have well proved the fitness of "Universal" as a title for the Church.

Hokkaido, the northernmost of the four islands that make up Japan, is rugged country. For centuries it served as a place of exile for political offenders. The one great city was Hakodate, just opposite the main island of Honshu. In this city the French priests made their headquarters.

It wasn't until 1893 that they felt the time was right for a mission to be established among the Ainus. These aborigines had fallen back to Hokkaido under the pressure of the oncoming Japanese. The main settlement of these primitive people was in Muroran.

The hidden-in-the-mists-of-time history of these Ainu people would make a fascinating study. Like our American Indians of the forest primeval they were in possession of the land when more-aggressive people arrived to claim the country. It is said that the Ainus are of the same racial stock as Europeans. In the great migration of races from central Asia they had turned eastward, while their brethren set out westward. Having reached the Pacific Ocean, they settled at last on the four islands of today's Japan.

As in our country, later comers began to dislodge them and push them north until, in the late eighteen hundreds, they were to be found only in scattered settlements on Hokkaido. The religion of these Ainus was a primitive form of nature worship, with emphasis on the ven-

erated bear; its status was like the status of the sacred cow in India.

According to the parish books of the first missionaries, conversions among the Ainus were extremely few. The only hope seemed to be the winning of Ainu women who married Japanese men, who were beginning to arrive in Muroran then.

As the number of Ainus steadily decreased before the oncoming multitudes, the attention of the missionaries soon concentrated almost exclusively on these recently arrived Japanese. In God's providence the last of the persecutions of Catholics, then taking place in Nagasaki, drove many of the victims north to Hokkaido. These staunch people formed the nucleus of the present Church.

Today it is good to go back in memory, as we turn the pages of the baptismal register. What were the struggles of Fathers Rousseau, Hutt, and companions in 1893, as they tried to turn the Ainus from the sacred bears to God, the Father? How did the Catholics react, as they said good-by to their French pastors and welcomed brown-clad Franciscans? By the way, who was Father Christopher Fitzmaurice, O.F.M., listed among the German Friars as pastor in 1910? Did the Japanese priests — Fathers Kinai, Tamura, and the others — find it easy to take over what was, by then, an historic parish?

I know how we Maryknollers feel — young, inexperienced, privileged. We are building on foundations laid by heroes. Their great courage, zeal for souls, patience, form the heritage of Maryknollers who hail from the United States. ■ ■ ■



Jorge Finds a Friend

He has the most winning smile in all the Cochabamba valley.

BY LIONEL G. TRUDEL, M.M.

■ THE LAST time I saw Jorge was just a few weeks ago as he went literally bouncing down the path leading from the language school on his way home. His new shoes, slightly oversized, flapped with every step; his face was sunshine bright. He looked back at the Fathers who were waving farewell to him and flashed the most winning smile in the entire Cochabamba valley. Waving back he shouted another "*hasta luego*" to his very special friend, Padre Ricardo, and then broke into a trot so as to get home as quick as possible to tell everybody what his wonderful friend had done for him.

Father Richard Sammon, of New York City, had met Jorge, an eight-year-old Quechua Indian lad, a few

months earlier as the boy sat on a bridge near the Maryknoll Fathers' language school. Jorge was studying his lessons before setting out for school. What particularly attracted the Padre's attention that morning were the youngster's feet. Unshod like all the Indian children hereabouts, Jorge's feet were covered with ugly running sores and were pathetically swollen. It was evident that walking was very painful for him. But the lad had the stolidity of his people and never complained about the pain. On the contrary he was always smiling. The only time he ever said anything about his condition was when he was asked whether he felt much pain. Then he replied, "Si, Padre."

Father Sammon was immediately

won over by the boy and decided then and there to see what could be done to cure the ailment. Jorge's parents lived on the other side of town, so Jorge was staying with relatives in a local *chicheria*, or bar-room, Cochabamba style. The aunt who was caring for the lad had little money and even less interest in the welfare of the child.

Father Sammon asked the aunt's permission to have Jorge treated. This she readily gave, since there would be no burden on her.

Sister Helen Claire, Maryknoll Sister-nurse in charge of the parish clinic, was likewise won over by Jorge's winning smile and shy ways. They became fast friends in the succeeding visits the boy made in company with Father Sammon. Medicines were given to the lad along with easy instructions for the aunt to follow in applying them.

But the aunt neglected to treat Jorge whose condition grew worse. Fortunately, at this point, Padre Ricardo took matters into his own hands. He cared for Jorge's feet

himself, washing the sores regularly and applying the healing salve. Then one day he bought shoes and stockings to keep Jorge's feet clean. The shoes were a bit big, so that the sores wouldn't be aggravated. Consequently they flapped as he walked. But that didn't matter to him, for it was the thrill of his short lifetime to have such a bright pair of new shoes. To replace the patched garments Jorge wore day in and day out, Father Sammon saw to it that he received a new shirt and pair of pants. All dressed up in his new outfit, he was just bubbling over with joy.

As his friends met him on the path and admired his new clothes, Jorge was the happiest boy in his section of Cochabamba. From now on, there would be no more pain. He would soon be well again thanks to his wonderful friend, Padre Ricardo, who had come from a far country to dedicate his life to teach, not by words only but by his actions, the love of Christ for the least of His brethren. ■ ■

INDY ANN'S HELPING HAND





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WORKING MEN AROUND THE WORLD

Jungle Man



PHOTOS AND BACKGROUND BY AMBROSE C. GRAHAM, M.M.

■ "MY jungle has everything. All I have to do is take what I want. . . ." There are few people living in today's world who can afford this kind of philosophy, but Emilio José Monje is one of them. His occupation: a jungle rubber worker.

Like hundreds of other rubber workers entrenched in the "green hell" wilds of northeastern Bolivia, Emilio pays no taxes, no union dues. Nor does he enjoy social security or retirement benefits. But as a child of the jungle, he is quite successful, largely because he expects — and receives — little from life.

Emilio's thin, hard frame stands five feet, eight inches tall. His high-bridged nose and bleached-coffee complexion are common to most fullblooded Bolivian Indians. Black, deep-set eyes glisten with uninhibited gaiety at one moment, and sul-

len suspicion the next. During his fifty-eight years he has gained a reputation for being sensible and methodical, but his lightning-like temper can explode at times in violence. He speaks good Spanish in a thin, reedy voice. His ability to read and write is limited.

Emilio's first wife, whom he married when he was sixteen, died in childbirth. He then married Maria Luisa Vargas. In thirty-five years of marriage she has given him nine children. Five are living today: Emilio, 28; Oscar, 26; Ida, 20; José, 17; and Maria, 14. Another daughter named Merudes drowned ten years ago in the Beni River, which rushes diagonally and treacherously through this part of Bolivia.

All of the children have had from four to six years of education in the Riberalta schools. When questioned about their future, Emilio says:

With his fire blazing underground, Emilio pours liquid rubber into a furnace pan.





A religious feast brings together three families of Beni rubber workers.

"Like me, they will gain their livelihood from the jungle."

The Monje home is located in a settlement owned by a large, domestic rubber firm. Built by Emilio with bamboo and leaves, the 30'x14' dirt-floored structure is divided into a large bedroom and a storage room. Furniture consists of a table, wooden beds, a few cedar chests which serve as closets, and benches and basic cooking utensils. There is no electricity or plumbing. A nearby brook supplies drinking water and bathing facilities. The family eats well — a simple, but plentiful diet based on fish, meat, rice, yucca, oranges, pineapples and palm shoots.

Each day in the life of Emilio is an adventure. Up before dawn,



Emilio's fishing nets (left) always mean a good catch (above) for young José.

he nibbles on left-overs from the previous night's meal. Then armed with a shotgun, machete, and tin pail, he tramps out to the wild rubber grove. After cutting forty or fifty of the "milking trees" with a series of thin, diagonal incisions (called a *bandera*), he places a metal cup under the lowest groove to catch the viscous rubber milk oozing out of the trunk. Two hours later, the contents of the cups are poured into a rubber bag slung across his shoulders. At this point, half of the day's work is finished. The remainder of the morning is spent hunting along the marshes, or fishing in the swift trout streams.

By high noon, Emilio is home again in his "smoke hut," laying a roaring fire in an underground furnace. A few minutes out for lunch, and then back to the furnace which is now belching a thick, acid smoke produced by the burning of Motacu nuts.

Emilio then begins the simple process that will transform his liquid rubber-milk into a heavy cylindrical solid. He pours the milk over a sturdy pole suspended above the mouth of the furnace. As he is doing this, the bellow of acid smoke hardens the milk and changes it to a charcoal-yellow color. More milk is gradually added. All the while, a rolling motion "presses" the rubber into a compact mass. It takes Emilio three hours to "cook" a morning's supply of milk. By week's end he usually has produced a rubber ball weighing anywhere from 140 to 200 pounds. When several are accumulated, he sells or trades them to an agent who markets them.

Emilio habitually spends his money as soon as he earns it — not out of carelessness, but because he is instinctively wary of Bolivia's inflationary currency. Believing that it is better to purchase "things" rather than save paper money, he owns a Singer sewing machine, an ornate clock and several pieces of gold jewelry. All of these luxury articles can be easily converted into food and medicine if the need arises.

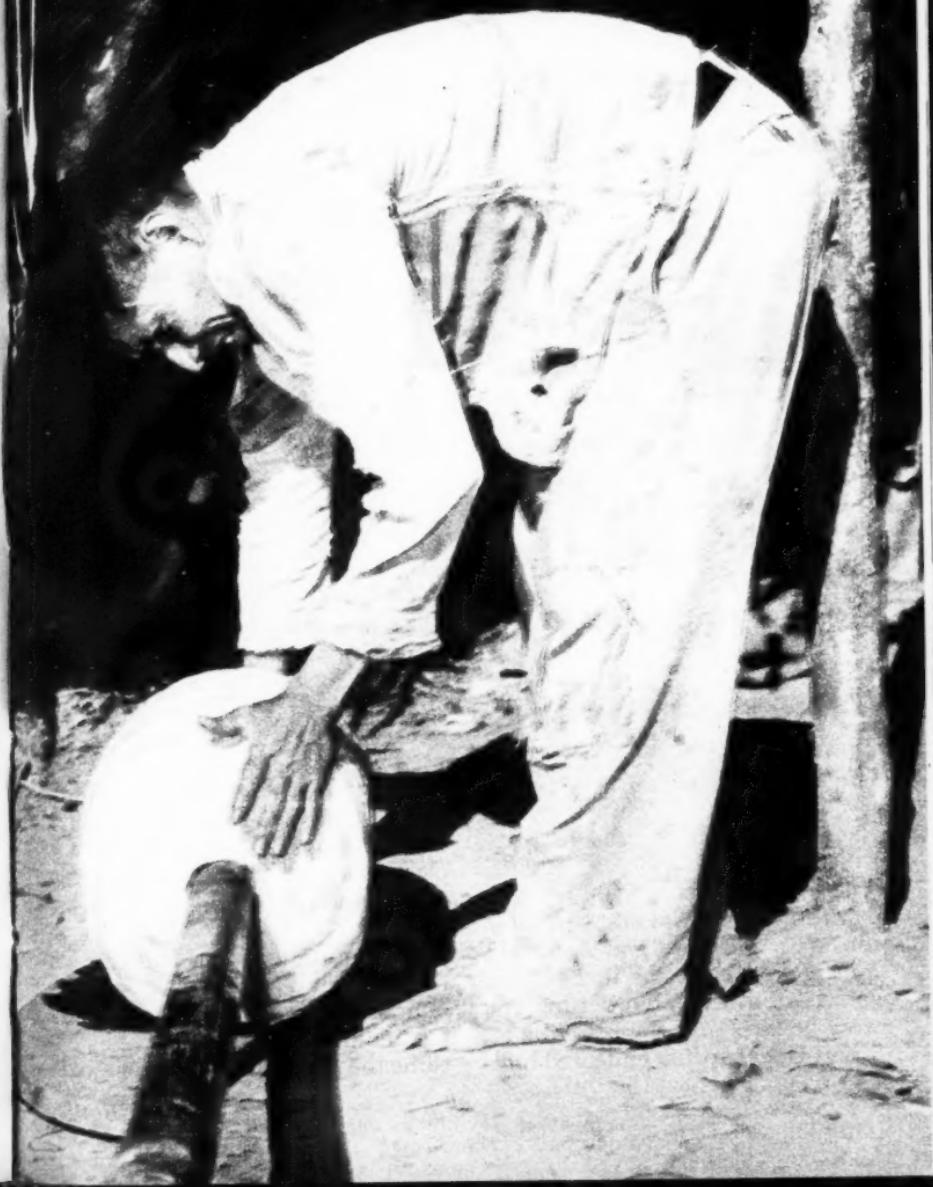
From the standpoint of Christianity, Emilio's ideals are quite distorted, because his entire area has been without priests for several hundred years. Consequently, he fears God, just as his Indian ancestors once felt terror before the "spirit of the storm." When he attends Mass, much of his devotion stems from a desire to appease an angry God. For Emilio, there is no such thing as a God of love.

Emilio's socio-political awareness is minimal. Such realities as communism, nationalism and imperialism seldom penetrate his jungle world.

In this "green hell" area Emilio is to Bolivia what the coal miner is to West Virginia, the wheat farmer to Kansas, the lumberjack to Oregon. Without men like him, there would simply be no commerce with the outside world. Emilio knows, and is proud of, his position.

A rugged individualist by nature, he dreams of the day when he himself will own an entire "settlement" of rubber trees. Then he will hand over the bulk of the milking to his sons, and live out his years with his shotgun, hunting dogs and fishing rod. ■■■

Raw rubber getting
the master's touch.





Credit union loans for funerals save Quechua families from years of debt.

EVERYBODY'S UNCLE

The Puno altiplano is a better place to live in thanks to him.

■ FATHER Dan McLellan is a tall thin man with hollow eyes. His smile makes every muscle of his face work hard at the job of letting you know he likes and respects you.

This Denver priest endeared him-

self to all young people in Puno, Peru. He became famous among them as the Padre who could pull rabbits out of his empty hand.

His first sermon as pastor of St. John parish in Puno was a spattering of Spanish, Creole and a few words of Quechua. His drift was that he was on the side of the rough-necks of Puno. The door of the rectory was open for those who were farthest from religion. He wouldn't neglect the old ladies who make church a business, but he made it clear that the men in his parish, however tough, would get a hearing from him.

Some fifty men who hadn't been to church in years accepted Father's invitation, went to confession and to Communion in a body. They became the butt of many jokes — jokes

that brought stern words from the pulpit. Father Dan scored those who had called his men sissies for going to the sacraments. In no uncertain terms he insisted that only he-men had enough courage to come to the altar of God. If the jokes kept on, Father Dan was ready to come to blows with the sneers.

What thrilled the men of St. John's parish was their pastor's reputation as a bullfight fan. Father Dan counts among his personal friends such masters of the art as Dominguin, Ortega, Bienvenida, Giron, Chicuelo. He has long arguments with these experts: he has come close to "the feeling of really being touched by the bull at the belt."

Most of Father Dan's people are Quechua Indians. He adapted himself to many of their customs. He studied Quechua; he was enormously interested in Quechuas and in all things Quechua. For example, Indians think the tobacco in U.S. cigarettes is light; Father Dan smokes the black cigarettes — the kind Quechuas prefer.

What has made this Maryknoller famous all over Peru is the credit union he has organized among his parishioners. The non-Indian people of Peru were sure it couldn't be done. Experts were positive in stating: "We look down on the Indians of the altiplano; they do not know how to read; they keep their money under the mattress; they take no part in national affairs."

The same people would like to see the Indians of the altiplano rise from their primitive state. Said one, "Without the Indian, where is our

American support? Without the non-Indian population how can the Indian rise to his full stature as a Peruvian?"

Father Dan's credit union surprised a reporter from an Arequipa paper. Ernesto More asked, "Father, why do you, a priest, concern yourself with matters that have a social and economic character?"

"Simple," answered Father Dan. "My work is to save man; man is neither a pure spirit nor pure matter, but a mixture of soul and body. Sorrows and troubles attack man and deprive him of the time and peace needed to bring him closer to God. I am only following the directives of Popes Pius XI and XII, who have ordered us priests not to remain in sacristies, but to get out and meet people and help them."

The credit union got its start in April, 1955. With a magnetism that has become his trademark, Father awoke an interest in the credit union among a group of people in Puno; some were mestizos (half-Indian and half-Spanish); others were pure Indians. These people had watched others try to start co-operative ventures in Puno and fail. They knew that the people in Lima had written off the whole Puno region as hopelessly backward.

Night after night Father Dan used his shrewdness in giving this small group of men an itch to know everything there was to be known through study about credit unions. He played up their enthusiasm; he encouraged them to study the working principles of credit unions.

Once the men understood these principles, thirty of them banded



Parish credit union gives
new meaning to harsh life
of this altiplano Indian.

together to form their own credit unit. Their initial capital was a little over three thousand soles. (There are 30 soles to the dollar.) At the time, private banks were paying 4 per cent interest on saving accounts; the credit union announced it would pay 6 per cent.

Right away, the credit union began to make loans as bait to get more members. The lure was simple: The credit union charged a modest interest of 1 per cent per month on the unpaid balance of the loan. By way of contrast, the local usurers were charging 25 per cent per month on the total loan. It's easy to see why the credit union now has more than two thousand members and savings on deposit amounting to 3 million soles!

Father Dan's credit union hit the nail on the head. It has grown because it is perfectly geared to the customs, fears and prejudices of the people of Puno. Peruvian Indians are collectivists almost by instinct. When the Spaniards came with their emphasis on individualism, they unhinged the Indian's way of life. Father Dan's credit union moves with their way of life. The Indian feels that cooperative effort galvanizes, enlivens and secures his human condition. Cooperative effort has a feel he likes, just as a carpenter likes the feel of his favorite hammer.

Loans made by the credit union turn the spotlight on the Indian's way of life and on his problems. One of the first big loans was made to Juan Ticona of Ichu. Juan had saved nearly 500 soles and asked for a loan of a thousand soles in

order to buy a sewing machine. He got the loan and bought the sewing machine. Before a month had elapsed, Juan had earned enough to pay back his debt in full.

Some 80 per cent of the credit union's members are Indians. One day shortly after it was formed, an Indian woman came in from a distant spot in the mountains. She was poor, ugly, plain as salt; but she had three thousand soles hidden in her petticoats. Putting the money on the table, she announced that she wanted to join the credit union.

Father McLellan knows the psychology of the Quechua. The Indian is hungry for a way of living in which he can put his faith. He wants someone to trust, and he is prepared to trust his priest. This places a frightening burden of responsibility on the priest's shoulders.

The average loan to an Indian runs from one thousand to three thousand soles for seed grain, for a bull, for some other farm need. The Indian understands how loans work and is careful about keeping commitments. No Indian — in fact, practically no member of any group — has as yet defaulted on a loan.

A young Indian from a village in a remote section of Father McLellan's parish asked, "Padre, has my father been in to see you yet? He has a big box of money hidden in our house. I'm scared someone will find out about the box and steal it. I've been trying to persuade him to bring the money to you." After a few weeks, the old fellow showed up with his money.

Aware of his grave responsibility, Father Dan has allied his parish

unit with Credit Unions of North America of Madison, Wisconsin; he insists that his people follow all the rules.

No man to rest on his oars is Father McLellan. He has his eye on the big picture and thinks of what ten years of the credit union could do for the altiplano and for the economy of Peru as a whole. Millions of soles are sleeping under mattresses; this money is inactive today; but should the credit union grow, this money will be put into circulation and will serve the people and the country.

Early in 1958, the Peruvian Bishops appointed Father McLellan National Director of Parish Credit Unions. Father talked over his problems with credit-union experts at St. Francis University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia. He studied at Credit Unions of America, in Madison, Wisconsin. The knowledge that he gained from these experts will help him to share his experience and knowledge with priests from other sections of the altiplano.

A striking example of the confidence the Quechua places in Father Dan McLellan took place in Ichu. The Indians here are notoriously shy members of Saint John's parish.

Father goes each Sunday to the humble chapel at Ichu. One day he softened up the cold, distant stares of the elders by playing with the children. He won the special wor-

ship that children reserve for those who show them the kind of attention they like.

"Everybody in Puno says you are unfriendly," Father told the men

one day. "Why don't you be a little warmer with people? They wish you well, but does any outsider ever visit you here?"

"No one," one of the men said.

"Why don't you have a road to the highway? Then visitors will come."

"How would we build it?"

This was the beginning. Ichu, although not far from Puno, was isolated by its lack of a road. After several meetings with the mayor and other leading villagers, Father persuaded them that they themselves could build a two-mile road to the highway. Local pride stirred; the road was done in a year.

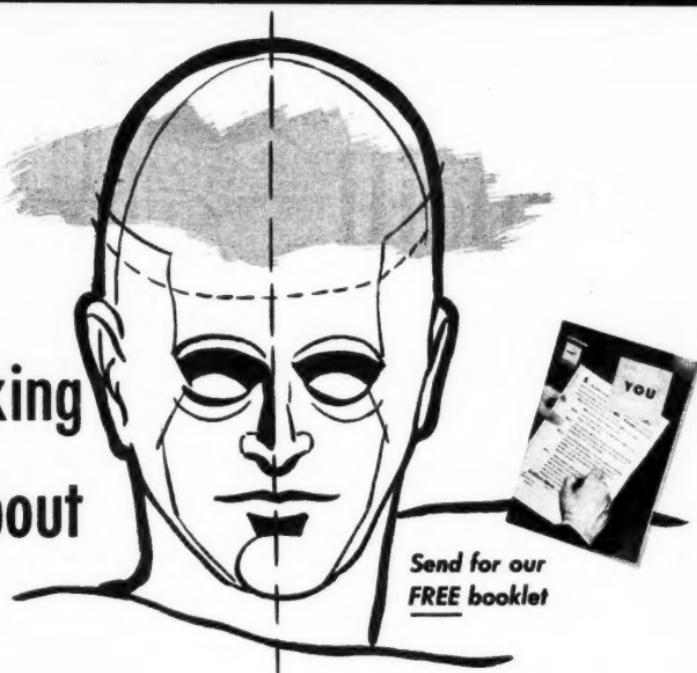
Father McLellan is also deep in helping his Indians to solve another problem. He has made a study of a bungalow with three bedrooms, living room, dining room, bathroom and kitchen. Cost? About 20,000 soles. A member could own his own home in five and a half years.

Everybody in and around Puno calls Father McLellan "uncle." The Denverite prides himself on being Peruvian to the core. "Who knows?" he says. "Perhaps when I'm buried in the Puno cemetery I'll be Peruvian enough that people will sprinkle my tomb with *pisquito*, their national drink, and propose a toast to my memory." ■■■



**Every day Maryknollers
pray for our benefactors
living and deceased.**

Thinking About Your WILL?



Making your will is a matter of affection, kindness and justice. Now, today, while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will!

Just a few moments *now* can prevent tragedy later. Delay may have tragic results for your loved ones. Only you can divide your property fairly. Only you can make your will.

If you do not make a will, your property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of a family. You cannot afford to take such a gamble with the security of your loved ones.

For wills, our legal title is
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Dear Fathers,

*Please send me free booklet about
how to make my will.*

My Name

My Address

City Zone State

REPORT FROM HUACHIPATO

Steelmill

Town

BY JAMES W. MUNDELL, M.M.

■ A BEAUTIFUL slice of South America is Chile. It stretches as far as from Oregon to Virginia. Chile to me seems like a wad of chewing gum; once I touched it, I was stuck.

I work in Huachipato (wa-chi-pa-to). In my parish is South America's largest steel mill, a product of private enterprise. With this mill Chile broke into the era of the Industrial Revolution ten years ago.

Before the mill Chile was essentially an agricultural country. But fiery ingots forged Huachipato into Chile's third largest city. In its early stages the mill was greatly helped by finances and personnel from North America; it is now being expanded with loans from the United States. The mill remains under Chilean management, however, and is doing well.

Huachipato is in the heart of Chile's central industrial region. In the past the country relied almost entirely on its vast copper and nitrate deposits. Chileans had the-



orized that Chile was wealthy enough not to have to preoccupy itself with other sources of national income. Many leaders in Europe, North America, Asia and Latin America view with a great deal of interest this steel mill for the unique role it plays in the development of Chile and all South America.

Chile's steel mill has an added significance when it is related to Latin America's current population explosion. Today there are about 180 million people in the region. But forty years from now there will be about 500 million — more people than China had ten years ago.

This calculation seems reasonable when it is remembered that Latin America's index of annual population increase is far higher than in other regions. Africa's population growth is 15 per 1,000 each year; in Europe, the ratio is 9 per 1,000; in North America, 15; in Asia, 10. But Latin Americans are increasing each year at a rate of 23 per 1,000.

Huachipato's steel mill is a healthy and progressive sign for Latin America's economic and social future.

Maryknoll moved into Huachipato in 1954 in the person of Father Vincent Cowan. One of the first things he insisted on was making the parish quite independent of the steel company.

The company wanted to give the parish land. But the property offered did not correspond to the development of a parish plant such as Father Cowan envisioned. He did not accept the company's offer. Instead he bided his time, living for eight months in one of the worker's houses. Eventually the company gave him as much land as he needed.

Within the parish boundaries live the steel mill's six thousand workers. Company subsidies play a big part in their living conditions. Salaries for steel workers are the highest in all Chile. The company has taken giant strides in providing housing for its workers.

The parish is in a section of town called Las Higueras. Here are five hundred homes for laborers and another three hundred homes of somewhat better construction for white-collar workers. About 80 per cent of these houses are now occupied. The rest will be finished within a few months. After a minimum of four years a worker can own his own home.

I have been in these parts less than two years, and I have watched green pastures change into a housing development of several hundred homes in record time. Just a few years ago this entire region was farmland. Such development in any

other part of Chile would be little short of miraculous.

There is another housing project under way within the parish boundaries in a section called Letellier. Five hundred families have settled here in houses put up by a Government housing corporation. Each small house is made of concrete. Two conditions govern admittance: the family must be poor, and it must have a minimum of four children. Since each family pays only a pittance rent, none of them will be able to buy their own homes.

In a part of the parish near the Pacific coast is a shanty town. Its six hundred families live in barracks; their conditions are miserable. The breadwinners of all these families work at the steel mill. Eventually they will have homes in new housing developments already under construction or planned for the near future.

Serving all these families is one of the finest of Maryknoll's twenty parochial schools in Chile. Father Cowan built ten classrooms as the first unit. He is now busy seeing to the completion of another six classrooms. All of them are on the ground floor. At present there are over seven hundred children in attendance. Classes are held all day long. The teaching staff includes three Maryknoll Sisters and thirteen lay teachers.

In addition, the parish owns a large tract of land; Father Cowan is saving this for a high school. The parish plant itself includes a solid rectory with four bedrooms on the second floor. Right now Father has only one curate but it's

easy to see that he'll need more help than that before long.

Connecting the rectory to the church is a covered corridor. Off this are waiting rooms, offices, an ample assembly hall.

The church's walls, roof and floor are complete. Right now the ceiling of the interior is being finished.

A metal structure, 90 by 30 feet, is probably the most practical part of Father Cowan's plans. It will be used for a welding school. Classes here will begin next month. Three courses will be offered simultaneously; each will have an enrollment of 25 men. The course in welding will last a year. Anyone over eighteen, with a grade-school education, can enroll for his welding course.

Father Cowan has talked construction firms in various parts of Chile into donating the welding equipment and the many other accessories necessary for the project. The school will be self-supporting and will entail no outlay of parish funds. Teachers for the school will be provided by firms interested in hiring its graduates.

This welding school fills an urgent need. It is the first school in the country to offer qualified instruction in welding; it will greatly benefit Huachipato's steel mill; and it will also help other industries. Such a school is a demonstration of the Church's interest

in the educational and social needs of working men. Education, social welfare, labor unions — these are fields where the Communists have been busy and successful. Father Cowan's welding school will water down that success.

In the Letellier section of the parish new houses are going up almost like mushrooms. Eventually this part of the parish will have

seventeen hundred homes. Father Cowan has land here and will use a substantial donation from a Chilean friend to erect a school and a church for Letellier. Construction has already begun. The first grade has an enrollment of one hundred and sixty children.

In all, Huachipato parish has about fourteen thousand people. Because of the unusual rapidity of local developments, the population of the parish will soon be double what it was a few years back.

Huachipato is a good parish in which to work. Its fourth year under the direction of Maryknollers is closing with many signs of God's blessing and the protection of our Blessed Mother. Mainly because of Father Cowan's insistence on prayers for vocations after each Mass, the parish has vocational statistics: Girls from the parish becoming Sisters: Servites 1, Good Shepherd 2, Sisters of Charity 1, Society of St. Paul 1; boys studying to be priests: Capuchins 1, Jesuits 2, Diocesan 3. Eleven vocations in all! ■■■



Each Friday every Maryknoll priest offers his Mass for our benefactors.



PARALLEL

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.

■ TWENTY-SIX years ago this summer, I was a brand-new subdeacon. Three of us were assigned that summer to the clinic and accident ward of St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, to learn firsthand a few medical principles and techniques in preparation for dispensary work on the missions.

One morning a private sedan led by a police prowler sped up to the hospital. A man literally tumbled out and rushed in to plump a tiny three-year-old into my arms.

"Save her, doc, she is our only one."

I looked into the sweet round face and saw not a mark or scratch. However, a great dry gash in the groin and crunched bones told the awful story.

"Crushed to bits inside, with internal hemorrhages," mumbled the medic in charge. "Take her inside." Only recently, here in the mountains of Deer Ravine, Formosa, the scene was repeated. There was no

sedan; no prowler with screeching siren; no great hospital with every imaginable kind of equipment, efficient nurses and skilled physicians. There was only the quiet of the mission and a few curious spectators. But, the words were almost identical.

"Save her, Father, she is my only one."

I held a beautiful three-year-old. Asleep she appeared to be.

"Take her to the doctor," I almost whispered the words.

Big tears rolled down the mother's cheeks. "I did, Father. He said he could do nothing."

The baby had been baptized. While the mother waited for her husband to come from the village, she folded the tiny inert bundle, which was still soft and warm in her arms, and went into our little chapel upstairs. There the Blessed Sacrament is reserved because we have no church.

Almost an hour later she came down. Her eyes were red, her cheeks still wet. I looked up, hardly knowing what to say.

"It's all right now, Father. She is in heaven with Jesus."

I turned quickly away. There was nothing that I could say. Faith had taken over.

■ ■



Our Family Grows

America's youth much too soft for hardships of mission life?

Fifty-seven new Maryknoll priests prove that it's not so!

■ **FORTY-FIVE** years ago — when Maryknoll was little more than a dream — there was considerable opposition to the idea of an official American foreign mission society. Dominant among the objections was the belief that America's youth was too soft for the hardships of mission life.

In the ensuing four and a half decades Americans in many walks of life have answered this objection. Over six thousand men and women who have accepted the challenge are now serving in the far corners of both hemispheres. Their zeal and stamina have given birth to a great missionary movement across America, reminiscent of the Golden Era of sixteenth-century Christendom. Among them are some hundreds of Maryknoll priests and Brothers.

On the thirteenth day of June, when the class of 1959 walks to the altar of ordination, our numbers will be increased by fifty-seven.

Our newly ordained come from eighteen different states, forty-two different cities and towns, with backgrounds that include the world of business, agriculture, architecture and medicine. For many of them, the path to the priesthood has been interrupted by service in the armed forces.

Because the sum of their diverse parts is Catholic America, they are equipped with all of the faith, generosity and sense of humor which the words imply.

They are ready to move into unknown jungles and across uncharted plains. They are anxious to leave their footprints on the un-mapped trails of four continents. They seek the unclaimed souls of men and women who have never had the nerve to even guess that there is a God who loves them.

Make no mistake about it. These men are not soft. Their roots are deep in the subsoil of courage. ■ ■



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Hyattsville, Md.
St. John's High



RICHARD HIGGINS
Newark, New Jersey
St. Benedict's Prep.



LEO A. DECMAN
Joliet, Illinois
U. of Illinois



GERARD W. BECK
Bronx, New York
Cardinal Hayes High



RICHARD ARMSTRONG
Bronx, New York
All Hallows



MILTON P. ROSERA
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Hayward, California
Bret Hart Grammar



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Cathedral Latin



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St. Francis Sem.



PATRICK PATTERSON
Fair Haven, N. J.
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St. Paul, Minnesota
Cretin High



ALLEN J. GOEBL
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Akron, Ohio
Immac. Conception



CLARENCE ENGLER
Dyersville, Iowa
Loras College



**GEORGE P.
NIEDHART**
Pittsfield,
Mass.



THOMAS P. MCGINN
Allen Park, Michigan
Sacred Heart Sem.



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St. Michael's



WAYMAN P. DEASY
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7 new darknoll passners



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St. Stephen's High



ADAM GUDALEFSKY
Hazleton, Pa.
Hazleton High



M. J. BRANSFIELD
Chicago, Illinois
Notre Dame



GEORGE PEAK
Ph. P. S.
Notre Dame

GERARD T. McCRANE
Teaneck, N. J.
All Hallows H. S.

THOMAS F. CURRY
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Iona College

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Toledo, Ohio
Central Cath. High

DOUGLAS F. VENNE
Racine, Wisconsin
Loras College



JOSEPH RENAULT
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Newton High

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St. Paul Seminary

JAMES R. WHITMORE
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Georgetown U.

PAUL C. SEGALL
New Hyde Park, N. Y.
Catholic University

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Miami, Arizona
Notre Dame



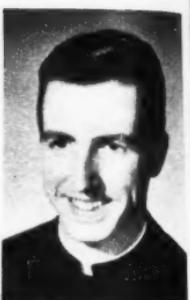
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ARTHUR P. NICHOLS
Kearny, New Jersey
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Drexel Hill, Pa.
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St. Dominic's High



EDWARD A. HAYES
Watertown, Mass.
Sacred Heart High



DONALD DENTINGER
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Maryknoll Jr. Sem.



ROBERT R. PELLINI
Walpole, Mass.
Walpole High School



ROBERT J. REILEY
Pottsville, Pa.
Pottsville Cath.



TITO J. CONSANI
Philadelphia, Pa.
Southeast Catholic



JOHN E. BRUNELLE
Avon, Massachusetts
Coyle High



JOHN C. GANLY
St. Louis, Missouri
Kenrick Seminary



JOHN J. MEANEY
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Cincinnati, Ohio
Xavier University

"And other sheep I have that are not of this fold . . ." Here is the missionary problem in all its vastness and beauty. This is the solicitude of the Roman pontificate, the primary one, even though not the only one . . ."

HIS HOLINESS, JOHN XXIII



Is It Fare Holding Back 57 Missioners?

$57 \times \$500 = \$28,500$

IT IS. Seems UNfair but it's true, 57 new priests have just finished their years of training. They're eager to start their mission work.

There are millions of forgotten people in mission lands waiting for them.

BUT — your missioners need boat fare, train fare, plane fare — and we must hold them back until we can find it for them.

It costs \$500 for each of them. We thank you for whatever you can give.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

I enclose \$..... to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missioner to his post overseas. Please ask him to pray for me.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone.... State.....



TODAY, NOT YESTERDAY — These are policemen, trained by our GI's in the Ryukyū Islands of the Pacific. This is an ancient Kendo bout, with heavy bamboo poles used as swords. The masks, padded costumes, and leather guards are traditional. The policemen also spend hours on judo practice, to quicken their muscular reactions.

The Human Race

BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

■ YEARS AGO, a young Jesuit in the southern Philippines drew the admiration of his confreres by giving his leisure hours to anthropological studies of his people. With the passing of time and hard work both in the field and at Harvard University, he became one of Catholic America's rare priest-professors of cultural anthropology. Thanks to his specialty, Fordham University has been able to lead the way in providing missionaries from the United States with their first training center in mission studies. This erstwhile Philippine pioneer is Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J. Other American universities are now in the course of following the trend throughout the Church of providing university training and research as support for the world apostolate.

"But," someone asks, "why talk at this late date of special university training for missionaries? They've done grand work without it for centuries." Bringing the university into the picture (the principal advocates of which have been Popes Pius XI and Pius XII) represents no reflection on missionaries of the past. It is rather a recognition by the Popes of advantages that can be gained by enlisting modern university education for greater effectiveness in the expansionist movement of the

Church, quite as the university has long worked for other church problems in the fields of theology, philosophy, law, history, culture, the social sciences and education itself.

Most urgently needed is a university contribution in various disciplines which have a bearing on intercultural human relations. Every young missioner today is particularly anxious to be well prepared to approach sympathetically and understand the cultures of the non-Western peoples over the earth to which he may be sent. The specifically missionary training for the candidate falls into three divisions: first, the theology of the expansion of the Church; secondly, the methods for the expansion of the Church; and thirdly, a knowledge of man in general and of the peoples of other cultures to whom Christ's message is to be brought. The first two of these three divisions of training are provided in the mission seminary, but certainly missionary circles will be most happy when proper university facilities are available for the teaching of the third.

The Fordham Institute course aims to cover all three of these divisions. Its sessions are brief but concentrated, operating as a division of the Fordham Summer School. The course opens this year on July 6 and

closes on July 24. Of the seven hours of lectures daily, two are devoted to mission theory and methods; one hour to linguistics; and four hours to intercultural human relations. In this last subject there is a basic course (general) which provides the technical phases of cultural and social anthropology and a world overview of the directly missionary problems. In addition, four area courses are provided covering Japan, the Philippines, Latin America and East Africa.

In a number of Catholic universities in the world, including two in Rome, faculties of missiology have been established, and a select few prepare in them as missionary specialists. The first such foundation in North America was opened in Canada by the Oblates at the University of Ottawa. A year ago our Catholic University in Washington initiated a course in mission studies which represents a commendable interdisciplinary effort by the departments of theology, sociology, anthropology and linguistics.

This year Fordham University is launching a new educational program — the Institute of World Human Relations — which is designed to meet the needs of the laity. The courses offered will appeal especially to men and women engaged in international work on behalf of the Government, business firms, academic groups and the Church. The Fordham Institute of World Human Relations offers a pattern that other universities may well copy as an aid to Americans serving the human race. ■■■

Maryknoll

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported entirely by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.**

"While our heart embraces the whole world's flock of Christ, it turns with special feeling towards you, beloved children of the United States . . . Every nation has its mission society. Yours is Maryknoll. Your society for foreign missions, Maryknoll . . . counts among its missionaries so many of your heroes and heroines."

— Pope Pius XII in Mission Sunday Address to American Catholics



Street Corner Minstrel

**Was it too late for an old pro
to learn how to play a new role?**

BY JAMES P. COLLIGAN, M.M.

■ THE FRIENDLY smile of the old lamplighter who bore his soft, lit taper along the wintry street left in his path a row of brightly glowing lanterns, lights heart-warming to see, lights that are now only memories. The kind greeting, the polite bow of the hackie of horse-and-buggy days who helped his patrons from his carriage and drove off, whistling above the clip-clop of the horse's hoofs on the cobblestones,

bring many fond remembrances.

Only warm recollections will soon remain of Japan's bicycle-riding bard, the Paper Show Man. Soon he will no longer play to clusters of admiring children in the city's neighborhoods. The Paper Show Man is moving downstage for the final curtain. Betrayed by the same villain who vanquished his colleagues of an earlier day, the Paper Show Man is engulfed in a plot which contains few rays of hope. The new era will crush him.

Oh, the Paper Show Man will face it somehow! He'll stand right up there and battle it out. He'll act this final tragic role with the sad smile of a Pagliaccio. He's fought his battles before. Not always on



the side of right; somebody had to give the children their villain, the most loved character in every performance.

He has to work himself up to a proper pitch for difficult roles. He stops his bicycle when he gets to a likely show place, then begins his preparations. Clapping together two heavy sticks, he makes a hollow sound as he walks up and down unpaved streets, in and out of alleyways. This is his advertising campaign before the curtain rises. A good Paper Show Man, like a warrior girding himself before battle, readies himself for the struggle and conflicts into which he will soon plunge.

Like the Pied Piper, he leads his brood back to the bicycle, where he sets up his stage to the growing suspense in the young hearts of his followers. This quiets their screeches.

Curtain. Well, not really a curtain. He's removed the end from a square black box on the back of his bike. The water-color panorama on the first card in the box catches his audience, and they shout excitedly in recognition, "Momotaroo!" Momotaroo will soon be on his way to conquer the ogres of Ogre Island.

Bent and with creaking voice, the Paper Show Man is first the old lady of the mountains who finds, floating in the stream, the peach stone from which Momotaroo will be born. Then, youthfully proceeding to the next card picture, he is the boy, growing and proving his strength, who at length, with tears and a few dumplings given him by the old woman, courageously departs to

slay the wicked, threatening ogres. Now he is the dog, now the peasant who befriends the boy on his way — the story unfolds on card after colorful card. Finally, in oh so heroic and exciting a finish, he re-enacts that magnificent, stirring battle scene, alternately playing this ogre and that, the dog, the peasant, the victorious Momotaroo.

Yes, he's fought his battles. Suffered setbacks he has, too. But lose? Never. He's played a samurai, a bandit, a noble, an ogre, an ape and a big stone tub. He's been a fox, a tree, a jewelled robe, a turtle, a maid. Kids cheered him and jeered him; showed fright and affection. But they've always rejoiced at the end of the show, for the Paper Show Man, like the hero, has triumphed again.

Youngsters have generously spent their five or ten yen on the candy and gum kept under the stage in the box where their heroes live.

The Paper Show Man came to the mission the other day. I was honored. He left his fine airs, his fancy kimonos, armor and shield, great steed and grand jewels — all in the box on his bike which he parked on the snowy walk outside.

In the box that day there was an additional item; fortification, in the undisguised shape of a whiskey bottle. The battles and the strife and the tragedy of life were getting him down. He was shabbily clad, his hair close-cropped; his rugged face red from whiskey and wind; he needed a shave. Not drunk, mind you; merely weary and trying to relax a little.

"I came to hear a tale," he



Here Is Your Opportunity

to help two classes of persons who beg for subscriptions to our MARYKNOLL magazine.

1 The Blind. MARYKNOLL is published in Braille. A full year's subscription costs \$5 a year.

2 Poor people and poor missioners in the field request free subscriptions. Price, \$1 a year.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers:

- I enclose \$5 for a Braille-edition subscription. Please send it to a blind person.
- I enclose \$1 for a charity subscription. Please send it to a poor person or missioner.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

gruffed. "I was in a religion once where one was never to have any sickness or troubles. I've got a wife and five children. Swell ones. I pass your place now and then. Tell me a tale."

Just after Christmas this was. Movies and television were the cold winds that whined across his stage and warned of the approaching end. The end of the year was near, when all bills are paid and new clothes are bought for the family celebration of the New Year.

Quietly he sat while, with a prayer, I told him of Christmas. "What a performance!" I sensed that he thought. "How he misuses the language, how unconvincingly he tells it." I felt he must be thinking something like that as I recounted the peaceful Bethlehem story.

His head was bowed, a chunky, weather-beaten man. And when I had finished he slowly rose, thanked me and departed. Our house is not drafty enough to cause the tears that were in his eyes.

I haven't seen him since. I hope his curtain hasn't come down. I hope that he's still delighting neighborhood children with his tales of heroism and adventure. Above all I pray that he has added one more story, a true tale of two thousand years ago, to that repertoire so dear to his trade. For not one among all his warriors, his heroes or his knights can help him in battling through his own strife, as he has often done for them. If only the Paper Show Man becomes a little child! . . . I'm going to follow him and see if I can the outcome of his story.



MARYKNOLL



In Nicaragua's mountains, Sisters go to outlying towns for summer work.

Up Among the Pine Trees

**Samson and his yoke of oxen
answered the Sisters' SOS.**

BY SISTER MARYSIA

■ "ABRACADABRA?" I asked.

"No, I said Alamicamba. You are going to work with me in Alamicamba this summer for three weeks," Sister Rose Anna explained. "Sister Laura John and Sister Constance Marie will go to Macantaca."

Believe me, it was no "abracadabra" trip. No magic word transported us on the wings of the wind. By dusty truck along dusty roads

the four of us went; five empty gasoline barrels bounced along with us, eager to fall by the wayside. And they did, eventually. Thumped and jounced through the deep washouts on the road, all five broke away from the firm rope which had bound them together. Out they tumbled with a wild unrestrained clatter and bang. We held our ears. The truck groaned to a stop — full stop. The motor, hot and tired, gasped once more — and died.

Father Leopold, the driver, still looked energetic and hopeful; but he was anxious too. This was the hinterland. No houses. Nobody around to help. What does one do? One waits and prays, while wilting

in the sun. An hour passed. . . . Then, "Look!" Sister Laura John beamed, as though she was going to embrace the two sad-faced oxen who lumbered out of the dark jungle and stood blinking at the sunlight and at us. Who sent them? St. Christopher? St. Gabriel? Our Lady? The Poor Souls? We had tugged at the heartstrings of them all. It didn't matter. There the oxen were with the mild-eyed little man who owned them.

"I'm Samson," he introduced himself.

"He really must be Samson," I thought, seeing the muscles bulging out of his skinny arms and legs.

He hitched his animals to the powerless truck. He gave a mighty shove as the oxen pulled. Horse-power had failed; oxen power did the job.

The truck's engine revived; we revived. With the hearty chug-chug of the engine, the good old truck lurched forward. The oxen were unhitched. We waved them and Samson on with cheers of gratitude.

"There they are!" I pointed excitedly a few hours later. And there they were — the pine forests of Alamicamba, lined up on either side of the road like a guard of honor. Children's keen ears picked up the sound of the motor. "The Madres are here," they shouted, and came on the run. Jostling, they came like a flood down the road and engulfed our slow-moving truck.

In Alamicamba, the gasoline barrels had to be refilled. So Sisters Constance Marie and Laura John could chat with old friends before going on to Macantaca.

"Not staying with us?" The people could not believe their ears. Madre Constancia's clinic last year had healed so many. Now, however, the town had a doctor of its own, employed by the Nolan Lumber Company. Macantaca was more in need of a Sister-nurse. "Good-by!" the people called, as the truck bumped along the road again towards Macantaca — twenty miles away.

Sister Rose Anna and I set off for Casa Cural — our home for the next three weeks. Taking inventory was easy. The rain barrels were empty. The termites had feasted much in the past year. They hadn't missed a thing. Fortunately, two *tijeras* (cots) were intact. We finished making them up just as our first visitor arrived.

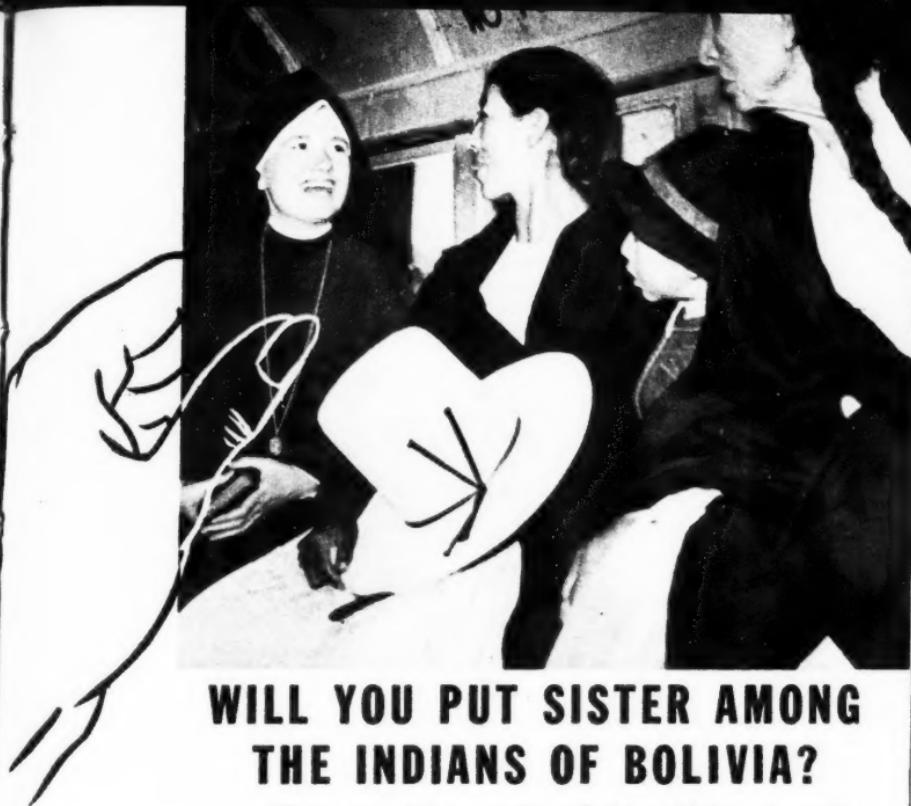
"Welcome, Madres!" Doña Carmencita's Spanish was crisply Castilian. She and her husband, the Commandante (Supreme Military Law in the town), stood in the doorway. "All of Alamicamba is at your disposal," they said. A splendid Catholic couple from Spain, they do all they can for the little village.

I noticed Doña Carmencita peeking into our empty water barrels as she passed. She nudged her husband. Later, a big bucket of precious water was sent from their home.

"It's so good to be here!" I exclaimed the next day after a good stiff catechism class; our seventy-four youngsters were scampering down the hill for a noonday dip.

"In Abracadabra?" asked Sister Rose Anna with a laugh.

"No! — in Alamicamba," I answered, rolling each syllable. ■■



WILL YOU PUT SISTER AMONG THE INDIANS OF BOLIVIA?

... They need her smile of friendship. A smile as broad as their hat-brims —, which tells them there is joy in Christianity. Christ desires that their joy should be full, too.

When you help to train a Maryknoll Sister for the missions, you become a comissioner — a spiritually enriching role for you.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... for your training program for Maryknoll Sisters.

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I realize I can stop this at any time.





Thanks to Maryknollers, a refugee family traded a hovel for this home.

SECOND CHANCE

■ LOOK at what you did. Look into the happy eyes of the girl (left). Your support of Maryknoll has given her and thousands of other refugees in Hong Kong a second chance. Thrust out of China by the Reds, thousands of refugees had to start over; many of them lived in worse than slum areas. Jobs were scarce; full rice bowls were only memories. Then Maryknollers moved into refugee areas, and things began to happen: housing; schools; many projects to give employment to those out of work. All these things spell out the program that Maryknollers have carried out in your name. But much more remains to be done before no refugee is left hungry or unemployed. Our job as Christians is to fight a never-ending war with all poverty and misery. This century has given a new and terrible meaning to the word "ruthless" for too many people. ■ ■

Little Brother rides high; human baby carriages are the style in Hong Kong.



Busy fingers embroider a refugee family into self-sufficiency. Maryknollers teach their refugees skills, and help them market their works of art. Remember this picture (below) the next time you turn on a faucet. A tap like this is the only source of drinking water for blocks of refugee hovels.





No grins quite like those full rice bowls produce in Chinese youngsters.

福利社
WELFARE
HANDICRAFTS

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WELFARE
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A building that has given new heart to hundreds of refugee families. It markets classy cloth woven by graduates of a school Father Dempsey set up.



Schools for their children have made the biggest hit with refugee parents. Maryknollers have opened large schools in each refugee parish.



Exile in Hong Kong gave this family their first chance at Christianity. Father Lawrence J. Connors, of Lindenhurst, Long Island, does the honors.



The Tongue Builds a Bridge

**Whistles and clicks, gestures,
rolling eyes — all have meaning.**

BY DANIEL D. ZWACK, M.M.

■ IT'S a curious and pleasant experience to talk to someone who wears a black skin (I mean his own). The typical African here in Musoma looks out from a face that has a surprisingly Oriental cast to its features; he beautifies that face (he really wouldn't need to) by filing his teeth to points, or really knocking out a handful of them. He would feel naked without the handsome pattern of scars lacing his skin together.

He expresses himself in such hisses and "sh's"; "h's" beyond reckoning; "r's" quite indistinguishable from "i's" and a "ng" sound (like in sing) at the beginning of words, just for nothing, except that he likes it there. And he has a whole series of whistles and clicks, rolling of eyes, gestures with the hands to go with the words. Curious — but after hearing and seeing the sounds and gestures countless times, and doing them in imitation, I find that they become commonplace to me. Only from time to time I reflect: This fellow is actually speaking a human language, and I understand him — curious phenomenon! And

MARYKNOLL

this gibberish that all my vocal apparatus is putting out seems to make sense to him.

As I get better used to African gobbledegook, I find that what these people are saying is pretty much what people say everywhere else. They are talking about their families and homes, gardens and cattle, the crops, the weather; and there's a lot of good sense in it all. And one finds that Africans are basically moved by what moves other human beings. They are glad to be alive and to get an ever-fuller share of life. And for this very reason, they readily become Christians.

So, through the strange vehicle of obscure African dialects, the most important single fact — indeed the thing that gives meaning to all human history — is made known. That alone wouldn't help; it must be made actual for each one of these people. That mysterious thing by which the supernatural realities of Our Lord's passage among men, that mystery, is at work even here, on a thousand miles of dry plateau and thorn forest behind Zanzibar. The message of faith is the same; the sacraments are the ones you know so well.

Things couldn't well be otherwise, because it's unthinkable that any part of humanity be left out of the general plan of salvation, which is only in Christ. That would doom the omitted people to frustration, and the whole plan would suffer as a result, lacking its completion. For mankind couldn't be redeemed and raised to a glorious condition, if any part of mankind were cut off from that redemption. The result

wouldn't be universal salvation.

In fact God's good design does extend to all mankind, redeeming people of the most different conditions, curing them of the most varied spiritual wounds. And as God works out this vast design — baptizing whole nations, countries, cultures, languages — the design shows its universality (I could say its catholicity) of scope, and its excellence in recognizing and making divine every human potentiality.

There is such an expressiveness in each language, that I am often tempted to garble my native language with idiomatic usages taken from other languages. For instance, in English we say that a person laughs, no matter how vigorously he may go at it. But most African languages will come up with a repetition of the word "laugh"; that is hard to beat for effect. And there are a large number of curious but highly expressive turns, shades of meaning, figures of speech, besides the whole psychology of African language I use in my mission work. Understandably, this language is spoken in happiest form when used by Africans themselves.

A rich deposit of humanity would be lost, frustrated, if Christ were not taken to every single one of these people. The whole body of redeemed mankind would be poorer for such a loss — much as a person wouldn't want to have an arm or a hand or a finger undeveloped. St. Paul would have spoken here of bringing to the body of Christ its full development. We are more used to saying simply, "The Church is Catholic." ■ ■

gift

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\$..... enclosed

Please bill me

My Name

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City..... Zone..... State.....

A Rich American

At a Tokyo bus stop . . . a barefooted ragpicker bearing a gift.

BY EDWIN R. McDEVITT, M.M.

■ IT WAS cold. The winter wind coming off Lake Biwa was raw. I thought of the Japanese fishermen out there bobbing around in their clumsy boats from dawn to dusk. A nasty job in an open boat — winter fishing. On the mountainside peasants were tilling their little paddies that hugged the slopes. Morning to night they worked, bent over, protected from the sharp mountain gusts by an assortment of patches sewed together to resemble clothes.

Real tough, I thought, as I continued shoving newspaper into my little Japanese stove. Yesterday's copy of the *Nippon Times* was half-way in the fire when a "Letter to the Editor" caught my eye. I pulled it out. This is what I read:

"TO THE EDITOR:

"In Japan, an American is looked upon as a very rich and wise fellow, which in many respects he is. Our American is the dispenser of Lucky Strike cigarettes, Cadillac automobiles and the omnipotent Coca Cola — just to name a few accessories to Nippon life. With or without reason, men and women from modest circumstances in America suddenly take on an aura of prestige, difficult to focalize, but nevertheless,

less, quite real. They build their platform higher and higher and then they climb upon this structure to look down at the rest of the world. Once they were a part of life's traffic. Now, spectators, they can afford their stairway to the stars.

"Psychologically it is human to deny this and the more vehement the denial, I would say the closer to the heart lies the arrow. I myself have never put this question to my conscience, 'What can I do, as a human being, to help the mass of underprivileged people of Japan?' Even if we could drain this morass, most of us would rather pull up our pant legs and gingerly step around the swamp. It's easier that way. If we don't look, we'll never see the agony of people trapped in misery. But this is not a moral story. I am not the one to feel bitter. I am well fed and fairly happy. However, I do want to relate an episode, a slice of life that I will never forget as long as I live.

"I stood in the bitter rain — just turning to snow — with only the shelter of a doorway between myself and the cold. The bus, as usual, seemed an age. Then a ragpicker shuffled up the three or four

marble stairs and hunched himself under the doorway with me. He eyed me for a minute, and then fumbled under a water-soaked rag, which I suppose represented a shirt. I turned my face from him; I would have walked away if this were not the only shelter near the bus stop. As it was, I held my breath and mentally, I could feel the bugs crawling around my person.

"Then he mumbled and I looked quickly to see if he was up to something. In the interim, he had pulled out a package of Chesterfields, had yanked the red tab which opens the cellophane at the top, and was offering me a cigarette! Now I know what that cigarette meant to him. I know how many heartaches, how many rebuffs, how many long hours of suffering went into that nicotine treasure which he was offering me. I looked at him then. Fully and with comprehension. I saw him as a person and not a bundle of rags. I saw his eyes, his beard, and the bare feet which had placed him in the middle of the puddle of rain running off the building.

"I don't smoke, so I waved his offering away as kindly as I could. I had no money or I certainly would have given him some, although a doubt enters my mind that he would have taken any.

"Then he proceeded to talk. He would emphasize one word over and over again like a teacher drilling a backward student. It was cold, he told me. It was cold. It was cold. Yes, I knew how cold it was. I had on a wool shirt, a sweater and two jackets, yet I felt the cold. He had nothing which represented

even one little calorie of warmth.

"That man reached me. He turned my guts around and spun that faucet where we keep our tears. My sturdy platform collapsed; and my elevator to the stars was on its way down in a hurry.

"The bus came and I was glad because my emotions were choking me. I'll probably never see that poor soul again and even if I did, would not recognize him from his myriad brethren. But I want to thank him because that wait in the cold-whipped rain and snow made me a richer man. I feel a lot cleaner and a lot closer to God today because a man without anything — without food, clothing, money or even hope — freely offered me the *only* thing he did have. A Chesterfield cigarette."

(signed) A rich (?) American
Tokyo

Without food, without clothes, without hope. How long will it be until someone feeds him, puts new clothes on his back, and cheers him up by saying: "The God who made you will wipe away all your tears." Probably, a long time. Because it takes a long time for the missionary to reach all with the penetrating charity of Christ.

I hope that American Catholics are praying and working for the day when the poor in Japan and all the world will have hope — hope in the future, hope in themselves, hope in God. Then perhaps our ragpicker will be able to offer us a little more gratitude, a little more love; the kind of love that springs from the bond of a common faith in Christ — a thing more precious by far than only a cigarette.



From Fishermen To Missioners

SS. Simon and Jude

These Apostles were called by Our Lord from their fish nets to become fishers of men's souls. They went to Persia as missioners and were martyred for the Faith in A.D. 75.

From Aerial Engineer To Maryknoller

Father Edward B. Fleming

A native of Newark, New Jersey, a graduate of Seton Hall University and an Air Force veteran who served in the European theatre during World War II, Father Fleming today fights for souls in the Maryknoll mission in the Philippines.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

Dear Fathers:

6-9

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest Brother Sister

(Check one) I understand this does not bind me in any way.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Age..... School..... Grade.....



Take it Easy!

BY JAMES L. PRUSS, M.M.

These Indians are on the rocks; their life is cold, rugged, harsh.

■ IT WAS mid-morning when I took off from La Paz, the Bolivian capital. We started climbing to 14,000 feet. Then we leveled off and set our course almost due north toward Lake Titicaca. Soon we could see a rugged mountain which looked like a tiger resting in the midst of the altiplano. We headed directly for it, for at its side is Penas, my destination and home. As we stopped, I jumped out to greet the reception committee. But I quickly jumped back in time as a yelping mutt made for my leg.

The people in Penas are 90 per cent Aymara Indians; they are likable folk. I can't tell whether I say this out of affection or just downright pity. Before I arrived, I was told to expect to feel cold and half-frozen most of the time. Life here is hard and depressing. The Indians readily smile, when there is something to smile at; but there is little reason to smile.

When I do or say something that

brings a smile to their weathered faces, a tear almost wells in my eye. Perhaps it is from the joy of bringing momentary mirth into their rugged lives. The land is harsh. The weather is harsh. Their homes are harsh. They live in adobe hovels about the size of automobile packing-boxes. In one room the family cooks, eats and sleeps. There are no chimneys. Whatever smoke cannot filter through the open door just settles in the room. Most of the time you cannot see the person to whom you are talking.

Because of the altitude, 14,000 feet, I cannot do some of the things I can at sea level. Even gasoline motors put out only two-thirds of their rated power at this elevation. Man is even less efficient. While in La Paz, I tried running up a flight of stairs. When I got to the top I almost saw the Pearly Gates opening up for me. When someone tells a newcomer to "take it easy," he means it. The newcomer either

takes it easy or finds himself six feet lower in altitude. Merely climbing the altar steps during Mass used to leave me breathless. Thank God, I was spared the *soroche* (altitude sickness), as it is quite uncomfortable. Maybe it's due to the fact that I have had my head in the clouds so much before.

The town of Las Penas (meaning "the rocks") has only about two hundred people. It is the canton's township seat. There are over twelve thousand people in the parish, and everyone is a suburbanite. Most live on haciendas, but these are only grand subdivisions. No two houses are together. Each hacienda has its own chapel, public school and big house. The big houses were once very lavish, but most of them have fallen into ruin since the Agrarian Reform of a few years back. There are twenty-two haciendas in our parish.

Much of our time is spent traveling, visiting, teaching, checking up on the radio schools and saying Mass. As for the roads we must travel, they range anywhere from inferior (the worst country road you will find in the States) to the vague tracks that we ourselves made the first time we went that way. In some places we have to put the jeep in its lowest gear and creep along as slowly as possible in order not to get shaken apart. "Shake, rattle and roll." Man, you don't know

what rock and roll is, until you have taken a ride around our parish.

Since I have been here, I have about covered the field of professions and trades. The first week

here I was running a radio station and acting as part-time announcer. Within two weeks I was temporarily teaching Spanish over the radio, writing programs and announcements.

Now and then I help on maintenance of the gasoline generator and the parish jeep. Then there are jobs in plumbing, carpentry, electricity and sheet-metal that have to be done.

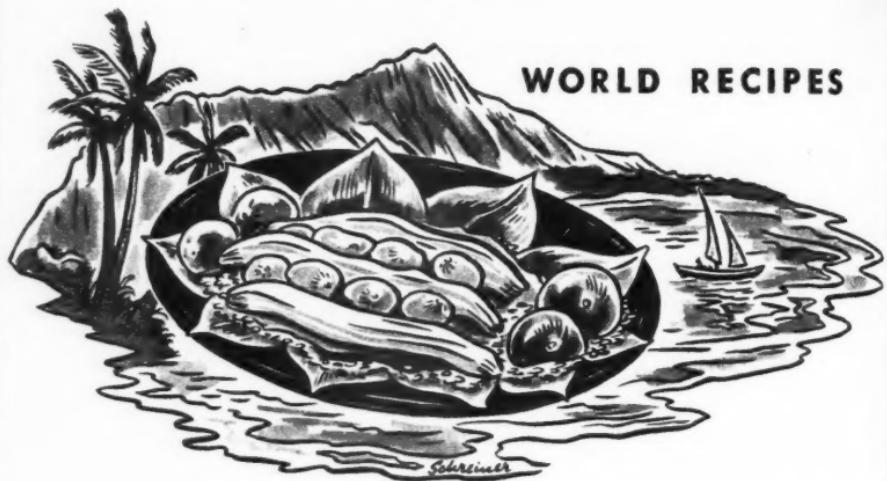
Since the nearest hospital — or doctor, for that matter — is in La Paz, we sort of corner that market too. Sometimes we can talk the Indians into making the trip to La Paz, if they are not in too bad shape. But usually we are the first and last resort medicalwise. The Indian is very superstitious, and many times we almost have to tie him down, just to treat a minor ailment.

The other day I had an Indian patient with a serious infection on his face. Just about the time I had cleaned the wound and was ready to start to work, the Indian said he wanted to go home. I am not a doctor, but I knew he was in bad shape. I threatened, "If you don't stay here to be treated, you are going to die. Do you want to die?"

His answer was, "Padre, will you sign me up for a funeral Mass?" ■■



You too can place a plaque on a Maryknoll memorial room. Offering, \$1,500.



DELIGHTFULLY HAWAIIAN

■ FROM the string of tropical islands in the Pacific come foods as varied as the races and nationalities of its people. Here are a few flavorful dishes that are often included in the Hawaiian feast called a *luau*. A *luau* is a dinner accompanied by singing and dancing. It has become as celebrated for entertainment as for food.

Soak salmon for 3 hours in cold water, changing water frequently. Drain salmon well, removing skin and small bones. Shred salmon. Mince scallions until they are of paste-like consistency. Add ice water and salt. Combine salmon and tomatoes, and mash with fork until smooth. Add scallion paste and mix well. Chill and serve as hors d'oeuvres. *Serves 6.*

SALMON APPETIZER

1 pound smoked salmon
12 scallions
1/4 cup ice water
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 peeled tomatoes, chopped

POLYNESIAN STEAK

Marinate a thick steak, large enough to serve 6, in marinade mixture for 2 hours. Combine following ingredients in a bowl and mix.

Marinade:

1 cup soy sauce
1 cup olive oil
1 clove garlic
1/8 teaspoon ginger

Prepare sauce while steak is marinating.

Sauce:

2 onions, chopped
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
1/2 cup of marinade
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 cup beef gravy
1/8 teaspoon cinnamon
1/8 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
1 1/2 teaspoons cornstarch
1 9-ounce can crushed pineapple

Heat oil in saucepan and cook onions until limp. Mix in all sauce ingredients, except the cornstarch and pineapple. Bring mixture to a boil. Have ready a paste of cornstarch and a tablespoon of water. Add this to sauce, stirring constantly, and cook until thick. Salt to taste. Add pineapple and syrup. Remove steak from marinade and broil. Serve with hot sauce.

TROPICAL FRUIT SALAD

Cut up bite-size pieces of fresh fruit for 6 salads, using melon, bananas, pineapple, watermelon, mangoes, seedless grapes, nectarines, papaya (if available), tangerines. Peel melon and cut in slices; peel bananas and halve lengthwise. Sprinkle with lemon juice to minimize discoloration. Peel and cube

pineapple; halve grapes. Use alternate slices of fruit, arranged nicely, and serve with shredded coconut over all. Chill before serving. Mayonnaise may be served separately, seasoned with curry. Or combine 1/2 cup of any mixed fruit juices, 3 tablespoons each of lemon juice and sugar, and 3/4 cup olive oil. Mix ingredients with 1 cup sour cream. Salad may be served on a bed of greens on individual salad plates, or from a salad bowl.

BAKED BANANAS

Peel 6 large, firm bananas. Brush them with melted butter, and sprinkle with salt and lemon juice. Top with freshly ground ginger, shredded coconut or cinnamon. Put in shallow baking dish. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

CUCUMBER FINGERS

Peel cucumbers and slice lengthwise in slim sticks just before serving. Sprinkle with salt and grated carrots or radishes.

HAWAIIAN CANTALOUE

Divide ripe cantaloupe in half. Cut thin slice from bottom of each half, so that melon will rest flat on plate. Fill centers with fresh, black raspberries. Squeeze juice of fresh lime over all. Many other kinds of fresh or frozen fruit such as strawberries or blueberries may be substituted for the black raspberries. ■ ■

Letters

of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Bundo Fan

I love your articles, particularly the one on Bundo. Would that his parents could see him as another Christ! But God has given the Sisters one very precious treasure to love and cherish.

ANN LENNANE

Monroe, Mich.

New Start

I am writing in regard to Bundo, the garbage-can baby. It was truly one of the saddest human-interest stories I have ever read. However, now that the child is progressing in age, it would be a most merciful act to let him grow in *peace*. If this child is growing in an environment where he is constantly reminded of the circumstances leading up to his present existence, he should be removed from that area, have a change in name, and never be referred to as a garbage-can baby. The cruelty of other children and ignorant adults can make a lasting impression on this child.

MRS. HELEN COUGHLIN
Holyoke, Mass.

Mighty Voice

Your magazine is the best ever. It is little but loud. I enjoy every page of it. I even send it to a student in India after I have read it.

EMMA KOPMANN
St. Louis, Mo.

Double Thanks

Each month I receive a thank-you note for my very modest offering. Being able to offer some part of my pay is making me a little happier. After all, God was good enough to provide me with the ability to work. So instead of receiving thanks I want to thank you for the opportunity to do something for the missions.

NAME WITHHELD
East Kingston, N.H.

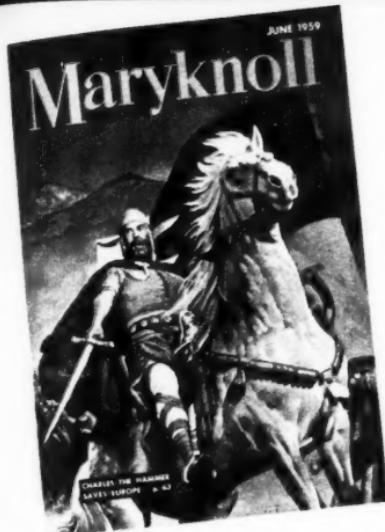
"Me, Too".

Your most welcome letter arrived this morning. It made my son Fred very happy. He was worried that you wouldn't know he was the same little boy from Brooklyn, and last year from Belmont, N. Y. We have done so much moving it's hard to keep up with us.

MRS. FRED RODGERS
Gansevoort, N.Y.

P.S. After reading your letter aloud to Fred, Jr., my young son Mike (six years old) ran to his room and got his little bank. He told me to send you an offering of one dollar for him. I asked him if he would like to send it every month like his brother. He looked at me with his big, blue eyes, and said, "Only now and then, Mommie, when I can afford it." This is the very first time I can remember Mike taking any of his little savings out to give as a gift.

MARYKNOLL



THIS MONTH'S COVER

Charles the Hammer

■ FROM the viewpoint of our modern world, with its swift march of time and progress, A.D. 732 sounds far away, even meaningless. But those with a knowledge of the events that shape man's destiny regard this remote date with a certain reverence. For in the spring of 732, as the winter wasteland of Western Europe was thawing, a holy and courageous Frankish knight named Charles Martel preserved Christendom... It is this stirring event which our cover artist, Joseph Watson Little, has chosen to portray.

Charles, the natural son of a Merovingian noble, was born about 688 at Tours in what is now France. Upon his father's death in 714 he was imprisoned, but he managed to escape and recover his inheritance. For the next ten years he watched apprehensively as a huge Moslem army slashed a victorious path through Spain.

The Moslem leader, Abd-ur-Rahman, crossed the Pyrenees in 720. After leveling the border town

of Septimania, he began the slow, carefully planned conquest of all France. Raiding parties — in what today would be described as guerrilla tactics — advanced at first cautiously, and then boldly, into the French marshlands. By autumn of 731, the Moslems were at the gates of Poitiers. Less than fifty miles to the north, in the city of Tours, the Franks suddenly realized that they were the last bastion of Christianity in Western Europe.

It was then that Charles Martel, with a hurriedly recruited army of foot soldiers and cavalry, swept down to Poitiers and earned his surname "The Hammer."

In a campaign that raged for several months, he and his knights struck lightning blows at the enemy flanks. Finally, by executing a vicious frontal assault that tore the Moslem offensive to shreds, Charles sent Abd-ur-Rahman and his army scurrying to Spain and eventually, Africa. France, Europe and Christianity were preserved. ■ ■



WANT ADS

Bugs With Wings are merely annoying in the U.S.A. In Africa, they are deadly. The tsetse fly carries one disease; the mosquito, another. Missioners in Shinyanga ask for \$8 for a mosquito net.

Air for Korea — Four tires are needed to help a missioner's jeep reach outlying villages! Will some friend give \$100 to buy a missioner's tires?

Dad Earns 60c a Day. Many children do not attend Maryknoll schools in Chile because their parents cannot afford the cost of school books. All the texts one child needs in a year can be bought for \$2. But the sum is staggering for a poor peasant. If it seems small to you, why not give enough to buy books for four or five pupils?

"There Isn't Any More!" Tragic words for a Maryknoll missioner to say to lines of patient helpless Koreans holding out their rice bowls! If you could see these people as our priests do and realize their need, you would gladly make a sacrifice to supply their food. Give \$1 — \$5 — anything. Every dime helps.

Just \$5 will provide an altar boy's casock for a Maryknoll mission.

A Community of simple farm people that is just beginning to take hold in the jungle of Bolivia has no suitable place for Sunday Mass. A chapel is being built, but will need these furnishings: altar, \$100; missal, \$35; candlesticks, \$35; altar cloths, \$30 a set; altar crucifix, \$25; vestments, \$25 a set; altar cards, \$15 a set; pews, \$10 each. Interested?

Say Mass in Street Clothes? Of course not! Five sets of vestments are needed in a refugee camp in Hong Kong. The cost will be \$25 each.

What Does He See? When an Indian, an African, or a person of Asia is told of Our Lord or His Mother, the words do not mean too much. A statue dramatizes the story and keeps its memory fresh. All Maryknoll missions request statues. Do you wish to give \$100 for one?

14c a Day is the average wage for a man in Shinyanga, Africa. Women here spend the greater part of their days grinding corn and millet. People would have more time to take instruction in the Faith if the mission owned a hammer mill. The cost, \$642.85. Will you sacrifice the price of one meal to help us purchase it?

A Harp Without Strings is useless; but a gift without strings is extra welcome, for it can be used to meet general needs. The Maryknoll charity fund needs such gifts: \$1, \$5, \$10, or whatever you can spare.



57 new missioners go overseas as ambassadors of God, who chose them; as representatives of good people, who make their training and passage possible. To aid conversions, missioners perform the corporal works of mercy that provide for food, drink, clothing, shelter, health, freedom, burial, as proposed by Our Lord; they preach the Gospel as He commanded.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

I enclose \$..... toward the \$500 needed to purchase tickets for each missioner. I will pray for the success of his missionary labors.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Missioners Came First!

ILLINOIS



Missioners in America

The industrial and farming State of Illinois has 8.9 million people, of whom 2.7 million are Catholics. The territory is divided into an archdiocese (Chicago) and five dioceses.



1. In 1673, Père Marquette, a French Jesuit, explored the Illinois territory with Louis Joliet.



Editorial

2. Père Marquette set up the Mission of the Immaculate Conception among the Kaskaskia Indians, 1675.



3. The Chevalier de La Salle and three Recollect missionaries built Fort Creve Coeur (Heartbreak), 1680.



4. One of the Recollect Fathers, Gabriel de la Ribourde, was martyred by Kickapoo Indians, 1680.



5. Visitation Nuns, at the request of Bishop Rosati, opened the Visitation Academy at Kaskaskia in 1833.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race.

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visita
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